round. The shrine of his son Ibrahim Rauza is remarkable for its exquisite beauty of detail, its refinement of finish, its poetry in stone, and its dream-like garden, making the great Gol Gombaz of his father in the desert almost blatantly vulgar, and for repeating the inscription which runs in the marble halls by the Jumna : " If there be a paradise on earth, it is here/' The tomb of Akbar is all commanding, as he himself was in life ; but the memory of the Persian adventurer Itmad-ud-Dowlah, the father of empresses, is enshrined in marbles woven of intricacy and subtlety, as the old man shuffled his threads in the web of fate during his earth life. In the Taj Mahal the light of the world lives again in such exquisite poetry that Chicago pork-packers have been seen to weep at this contrast to their own sordid lives. But Humayun's tomb is to the memory of the strong man, and so it to-day appeals to men of action ; and a distinguished soldier told me that of all Delhi's memorials he most admired this ; that he had

seen it at all hours and from all points of view, but that it looked best at earliest dawn from across the river.

While a brave heart lies at rest there, and

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